

# Animals

JANUARY

1955

"NEVER LET ME GO"

(See Page 9)

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY

for the

PREVENTION of CRUELTY

to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE

EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by C. J. Gibbs



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# Animals

JANUARY, 1955

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

## MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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## Discord within the Ranks

**H**UMANE societies and humane people, human nature being what it is, do not always find it easy to travel the same road. Too often they part company because, while the ultimate goal may be the same, the ways to reach it become subjects of controversy and not infrequently cause, if not hostility, at least alienation.

In the great anti-slavery warfare, men differed so radically as to the way to win the battle that many who hated slavery were sometimes denounced by others engaged in the same struggle as traitors to the cause and sympathizers with the enemy. Even Lincoln was compelled to bear his full share of reproach by those whose extreme opinions he could not accept.

To this tendency to divide, to misjudge, to criticize, all humane workers have, from the beginning, been subject. There are always those who have no patience with the men and women who refuse to adopt their methods or accept their teachings. If you are not with them, they frankly tell you, you are against them.

Then there are those as hostile to all forms of cruelty as the most vociferous extremist who yet, respecting your convictions as they ask you to respect theirs, are glad to go with you as far as you can go with them, and when you cannot follow farther, bid you Godspeed with good will and friendship still abiding.

What our cause has suffered because of the differences that have arisen between those equally devoted to its interests and its aims, some of us know all too well. As in politics and religion, there are always those who turn their backs upon you for good and all unless you see eye to eye with them.

There is need today, especially in The American Humane Association, of the spirit of a large tolerance, the spirit that refuses to question the sincerity and fidelity of those who differ and which claims as a friend every man, woman, and child who will lift even the weakest hand against the cruelties that still lay their heavy burdens upon man and beast.

E. H. H.

*(This is one of a series of editorials which Dr. Hansen is writing about The American Humane Association and the crisis within its ranks—Editor.)*





### Director Passes

IT is with sincere regret that we announce to the readers of our magazine and to the members of our two societies the death in November of Montague W. W. Prowse who was a Director of both our organizations since 1951.

Heartfelt sympathy is hereby extended to his family by the officials of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It will be remembered that Mr. Prowse has long interested himself in animals and the work of defending them against cruelty. He was President of the Boston Work-Horse Relief Association before that organization was merged with our Society. It was then that Mr. Prowse became a member of our Board of Directors.

His warm and friendly cooperation, his readiness always to be of aid in our work of animal protection, his sympathetic understanding of our problems—all these will be sorely missed by our officers and directors alike.

### Hebrew Saying

*Out of the heart  
Is born the beauty that we know:  
The delicate blush of spring caught  
by a brush,  
The cool, untroubled singing of a bow  
Drawn o'er a violin; the heartening glow  
Of fellowship when mind to mind  
Strikes sparks of recognition.  
All kind endeavors start  
Out of the heart.*

# Let's Defend the Fawn

By Lester A. Giles, Jr., Director, Wild-Life Conservation

REPRESENTATIVE William D. Morton, Jr., at the request of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., has introduced a bill into the current session of the Legislature which, if passed, should do away with the killing of fawns during the hunting season. Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Society, announced today.

So began a publicity release which went out to the newspapers of the Commonwealth recently. The events which led to this action were closely followed by a great many humane-thinking people in the State. The sight of fawns draped over the fenders of cars returning from the woods is repulsive not only to adults but to many children who have actually been observed to cry over such senseless spectacles.

We talked with a great many people about this problem, both those who believe in hunting and those who do not. As should have been expected, practically every person we talked with agreed that the killing of fawns was a very unsportsmanlike proposition. We talked with hunters who said they would be ashamed to come out of the woods with a fawn as their "prize." We talked with an organized sportsmen's club at one of their meetings, and the sentiment was the same.

We feel that the ethical and moral effect that fawn killing has upon those

who engage in it and upon those who happen to see the aftermath of it, are both degrading and demoralizing. It is for this reason that your Society felt moved to sponsor such legislation. This bill, should it become law, should aid in the efforts of organized sportsmen, of the Department of Fisheries and Game and even of the branches of law enforcement, to overcome the evident lack of ethics and responsibility on the part of people who flagrantly disregard game laws or who have no respect for the lives of the animals they hunt.

The problem in the Commonwealth is one of long standing as there has never been a so-called "buck law." Within the past ten years the State has maintained checking stations in order to gather information about the condition and age of the animals killed. It has been common knowledge that many hunters have avoided these stations, some of them because their kill were fawns about which they were obviously not proud.

We sincerely believe that this action will help to improve the attitude of people, not only toward the law but toward a new and urgently needed regard for the animals they pursue. It is, therefore, urgent that you find out who your representative and senator to the General Court are and express your opinion concerning this bill. The earlier you do it the better.



The helpless fawn whose killing now is legal.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Cradles 'n Clams

By Vita C. Ungaro

**T**HERE are some things that money just can't buy at Mr. Beans' Antique Shop, in our neighborhood. You can admire the little Pennsylvania Dutch cradle in the window and a mushroom elbow chair alongside of it, but they're not for sale. It's not because they are such rare collectors' items—you see, they belong to Mr. Beans' cat! Most any sunny afternoon, Ripper, a personable ermine and gray velvet feline can be observed snoozing away in the cradle or reclining on the chair, indifferent to the amused stares of passersby.

This four-year-old female is pretty much of an enigma. Despite the dignity and quality of ancientness she lends to her surroundings, the minute she leaves this background she becomes quite modern-minded and is not beyond enjoying such pleasures as automobile riding. Not a "yes man" by nature, she will stoop to begging when there is a chance she might go along in the car.



—Trentonian Photo

Ripper, apparently unimpressed, accepts an award from a cat food company at the hands of the author.



—Photo by Gertrude Wilde

And here is Ripper, preparing to curl up for a nap in her cradle.

At the smell of clams her ageless wisdom leaves her completely. I was told she is a veritable "Tarzan," on the trail of her favorite delicacy. To her, clams are no mere entrees—they are breakfast, dinner and supper. She acquired this voracious appetite for them through an accident. Her owner, while shopping at a local food mart, knocked over, accidentally, large quantities of the sea food and was morally forced to buy the whole works—with Ripper on the happy receiving end. When she smells like a fisherman's wharf and looks very much like a child caught in the act at the cookie jar, very likely she's found an open container of clams lying about.

Her supple anatomy is the right size for the cradle and she is able to move about until she has found a comfortable position which, strangely enough, is the right way—head at the head of the cradle and feet at the foot. On cloudy days, she abandons her cradle of antiquity for

she is a sun-and-light addict and proof of this is a lamp which is kept lighted over a cardboard box in the store, where it provides a sun lamp effect on her luxuriant fur. When I reached over to pat her, she was deliciously tepid as toast. In jest, I turned off the lamp switch and she gave me a cross look, not enjoying the joke at all, for she wouldn't settle down until I turned on the lamp.

Wondering why the ferocious name of Ripper was chosen for this usually mild-mannered puss, Mr. Beans explained when she was a very young kitten, her purring sounded very much like material ripping.

No "bull in a china shop" is this dainty puss who mincingly steps about the china dishes—her lushly padded feet never touching them. I thought how well suited Ripper is to the antique surroundings, for her ancestors, themselves, are counted among the oldest animals of civilization.

# School Days

By Eileen Derr

**A**UGUST 30, last, marked the first day of school for the fourteen pupils enrolled in the Brush College rural school of Hold County, Missouri. The first day of school for thirteen pupils of the human race and one small, black piece of caninity who answers to the name of Tippy.

Tippy has been in regular attendance at the Brush College rural school, near Forest City, for the past five years. Each morning he perches himself outside the dining room window at the home of his little mistresses, Alice and Carol Reynolds, and eagerly awaits their appearance. As time nears nine o'clock, his furious barkings serve as warning to them that if they don't hurry they will be late to school. And if circumstances prevent their attending school, Tippy goes anyway.

It all began five years ago when big sister, Mary, started to high school. Carol wasn't old enough to go to school yet and Alice didn't like to walk to her school alone. Tippy was convalescing at that time from a distressing summer accident with the mowing machine. Reluctantly, at first, he consented to accompany Alice through the woods to school.

But Tippy soon learned that the children would divide their lunches with him if he begged hard enough. He also found that recesses and noons, full of the companionship of laughing, happy children, made his day more enjoyable.

He still didn't know much about school. While the children were indoors, their heads bent over books, Tippy would while away the hours-in-between chasing rabbits that lived in the eighty-acre tract of virgin timber surrounding the school grounds.

Then cold weather came. Tippy was a little dog. His coat was very short. There were not many rabbits to chase and, as a result, he could not keep warm. Incidentally, Tippy never, never caught any of the rabbits. He just seemed to enjoy loping after them.

So, shivering, he would stand by the door and whine and thump his tail. Watching his chance, he would dash inside when the door opened, his tiny body twisting with glee. It really wasn't much of a battle. Tippy won, of course. He became a full-fledged pupil with privileges.

An old broken stage chair near the furnace became his desk. A certain amount of each day was spent on guard duty at the door. Always gentle with the children, he was a ferocious little piece of "doganity" when it came to strangers and he was not above nipping at the heels of the visiting school nurse or book agent.

Tippy's doggy charms have won each succeeding teacher as the years pass. The present teacher says he has been the best behaved of her pupils. And the children all agree there is no better mascot to be found in the whole wide world.

If you happen to be around the Reynolds' farm some cool, crisp morning, you will see Alice and Carol Reynolds shoulder their books and, with dinner pail in hand, begin their daily trudge to school. And if you look close you will see a little black dog frisking along behind them.



Alice and Carol Reynolds and dog, Tippy, arrive at school.



Tippy enters school as bell rings to take up classwork.



Tippy and one of his mistresses, Carol Reynolds, learn to read, instructed by their teacher, Mrs. Clea Burrier.



**T**O some, irrigating is a tiresome task, but not to me. I like to see the thirsty plants straighten on their stems after a hearty drink. I like the smell of damp earth, the sound of whispering water.

Mr. Blue and Charlie, the duck, enjoy irrigating days, too, but for different reasons—Charlie, for the bugs that come his way without effort on his part and for the glorious sensation of swimming when he wades real fast.

Mr. Blue has no interest in bugs, but he loves to splash flat-footed up and down, then, when he's hot and tired, to widen the ditch and lie down with his hind legs stretched out behind him.

I'm not opposed to their enjoying themselves, but each time Mr. Blue takes a "stomach" bath or Charlie does a "pinwheel" in the ditch, I'm forced with much shoveling to coax the water back where it will do the most good.

It was on July 4th and the mercury had risen to the very top of the thermometer when we were notified our water would be turned on at high noon. Usually, we have a man to help with the work, but this being a holiday, he was off somewhere, making the most of it. So, equipped with shovels, Jack and I hurried to the vineyard; he turned on the valves and SWOOSH, the water found the ditches and hurried away as though glad to be free.

On hand as usual were dog and duck, each enjoying himself in his own way. I allowed them half an hour of grubbing and splashing, then tucking Charlie under my arm and calling Mr. Blue to follow, I returned to the house to cage the duck with the hens and to confine the dog on the back porch.

I hadn't taken ten steps, when Mr. Blue, sensing he was being denied our companionship, staged a revolt. Such a mixture of inharmonious sounds I'd never heard, and by the time I'd reached the field he was going full blast, his wails beginning with a low note of self-pity and swelling to a crescendo of violent reproach.

This went on without pause for perhaps an hour, then suddenly, there was complete and welcome silence. I was thinking he'd worn himself out, when, looking up, I saw him splashing toward me. He wore a hangdog expression, indicating he'd done something for which he was ashamed.

"If you've ripped out a screen," I said, throwing down the shovel, "you're going to catch what for. . . ."

As I had foreseen, the screen was ruined beyond repair and the "what-for" I'd promised him was immediate incarceration in the pump house. Given his "druthers," Mr. Blue prefers the pump house on hot days to any other building on the ranch, but to be forced into even temporary retirement was not to be endured—at least not in silence.

Scolding him for the torn screen, I closed and latched the door. "And no howling!" I admonished as I turned away. He was quiet all of two minutes, then the racket began again—up and down the scale with never a pause except to draw in a quivering breath on which to launch his next assault.

Someone once said there is no sound that cannot be ignored if a person really puts his mind to it. In theory I agreed with him and decided now was the time to put his conclusion to the test. But either my power of concentration was inadequate, or else howling dogs had not entered the sage's experience.

By midafternoon my nerves felt as though they had been rubbed with coarse sandpaper and the frequent enquiries concerning our dog's laments, didn't help matters. I was in the middle of my fourth explanation, when the noise came to an abrupt stop.

"Just catching his breath," I told myself, but when an hour

# "Mr. Blue" Is Subdued

by Ina Louez Morris



*Liberated at last, Mr. Blue never felt more sorry for himself.*

elapsed without so much as a whimper, I concluded I'd better make a check. To my surprise, Mr. Blue did not rush out to meet me when I opened the door, but remained behind a sack of oats, looking exceedingly subdued and browbeaten.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You sick?"

Slowly he got up and warily approached, walking as though he expected the cement floor to cave in with him. He had taken about a dozen steps, when from a corner, there came a squawk, a rush of air and a beating of wings. The next instant, speckled fury in the form of Bertha, the setting hen, landed squarely on Mr. Blue's back.

This must have been a terrifying experience to the dog, since he'd fraternized with the hens since they were chicks, and naturally assumed they were his friends. Bertha did not stop trouncing the dog until he was completely subjugated, then she went back to her nest and grumpily spread herself over her eggs.

Watching hen and dog, I understood what had happened. Bertha had endured his howling as long as she could, then had flogged him to silence.

"Good girl," I grinned, as I left them and went back to work, knowing that Bertha would keep Mr. Blue in line the rest of the afternoon.

## Globe-Trotter

By Lucina Evak

**W**HEN Owney was just a puppy, he attached himself to the post office staff at Albany, New York. Petted by all the postal clerks, Owney was a very contented dog until one day he decided he would go out with the boys in the postal car. He liked seeing the world so well that he spent most of his time on the road. Finally, the Albany postal clerks decided to ask the men to tag him on every run he made, and it was soon discovered that he had visited every large city in the United States and had made side trips to Mexico and Canada.

By this time, he was getting to be a dog of some importance, and when he reached Washington, he called on the Postmaster General, who ordered a harness to take the place of the collar weighted down with tags. By this time, the wanderlust had him completely in its power and after some further traveling, he went to San Francisco. Here he was awarded a medal and fitted out with a regular traveling bag in which he could carry his blanket, comb, brush, harness and credentials. Captain Pantom took him on the steamship Victoria to Japan. When he arrived in Yokohama, he was given the freedom of the Japanese Empire under the personal seal of the Mikado.

After being entertained as a distinguished visitor, he went to Foochow, where he was entertained aboard the U. S. S. Detroit, dining in the mess room. From there, Owney went to Hong Kong, where he received a personal passport from the Chinese government. When he arrived in New York, he was interviewed by reporters of the metropolitan newspapers. However, there was not enough excitement on Broadway to hold him and he was soon on his way to Tacoma.

Owney, a four-legged member of the canine world, made a trip around the world in 132 days. He was given 200 new medals, tags and certificates as testimonial of his travel. When he died, he was mourned by every postal clerk in America.

So famous, indeed, had Owney become and so dear to the hearts of so many Americans that all the accoutrements of his travels—his medals, his tags, his harness—are all preserved in the Post Office Department Museum in the City of Washington.

## Rex Goes Shopping

By Estelle A. Brooks

**R**EX, a tawny collie certainly has a high I. Q. Like all dogs, Rex loved toys and, above all others, he was devoted to his red rubber ball. The only trouble was, he was always losing it.

One fine day, after hunting high and low for his lost ball, we saw him slip out the gate and trot down the road. About fifteen minutes later, back came Rex, head and tail high—and a bright new ball in his mouth.

"Rex, where did you find that nice new rubber ball?" I called.

But Rex gamboled off, tossing the ball ahead and catching it before it fell. Just then the telephone rang. It was the storekeeper. Then, the story came out. Rex had gone to the counter where the balls were kept.

"WOOF!" he ordered, tail wagging happily.

But the young lady was new and rather afraid of big dogs.

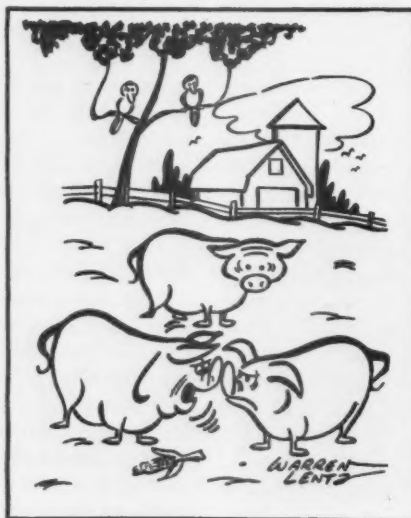
"Go away!" she cried. "Go away!"

The storekeeper, a good friend of Rex, had his office on the balcony. He was laughing to himself at Rex's cleverness when he heard the clatter of toenails on the steps—Rex had heard the chuckle and was coming up to air his grievance.

Rex went up to his friend, put his paw on his knee and spoke sharply.

"What's the matter, Rex? Lost your ball again?" asked the proprietor. "All right. Come along and I'll get you a new one."

So, with his new red rubber ball in his mouth, Rex had come proudly home. The storekeeper laughingly told us later that he was opening an account for Rex.



"Must you be so pig-headed?"

## They Deserve Medals

By Clarence M. Lindsay

**B**BROWNIE, a pet bulldog, was a dog hero who perished trying to warn his owners of danger. The man and his wife were rescued from the blazing home, but Brownie was found to have died. What greater measure of devotion could any human have?

Another canine hero was a shepherd dog by the name of Pude. Many folks in Denver no doubt admired Pude, but Delvin, his owner, had good cause both to admire and love the 11-year-old dog, for at one time he took a sled rope in his teeth and pulled the boy from in front of a truck. Another time he got the boy out of deep water, in which Delvin might have otherwise been drowned. To add to his achievements, Pude once nuzzled an infant from in front of a car.

Alas, for that devoted creature. A dog poisoner got busy and poor Pude died. The day might have come when the poisoner himself would have been rescued by Pude, had he only lived.

Tippie, just a mongrel dog, received a medal for bringing aid to an injured boy, Jimmy. The dog stood beside the hospital bed and received the medal. The two had been playing together in below zero weather and Jimmy fell and fractured a hip. Tippie hurried to a house nearby and whined at the door. It so happened that a doctor lived there and followed Tippie to the injured lad.

Mutt was the name given to a dog of whom nobody had a very high opinion. Just a mutt, who'd failed as a watch-dog and was no good for driving cattle. His owners resolved to get rid of Mutt.

But the day came when Trudy Orthner, three years of age, wandered from her farm home near Raymore, Saskatchewan. A search was organized and the father, checking through a ravine, discovered Mutt, who was standing on a knoll at the bottom, his tail wagging at a great rate.

Mutt led the father into a clump of bushes and to the child, whose clothing had been caught on scrub willows from which she could not free herself. Needless to say, the once despised Mutt was made the permanent guardian of the Orthner home. Never say that a dog is no good!



## Never Let Me Go!

By Gail Elder James

**S**NIFFLES, young Monte McKie's eight-year-old Persian cat, is back home again in Mason City, Iowa, after a four months' journey in from the country.

How did she get out in the country? It seems that last fall, Sniffles wasn't showing very good house manners and was beginning to be quite a home problem to Monte's mother, who was a meticulous housekeeper.

A family conference ensued and it was decided to take Sniffles to the country where she would be given a new home by some friends of the family. So, one day, while Monte was in school, his mother took Sniffles to the farm. But when Monte returned from school and realized that his pet was gone, he was heartbroken, even though he had agreed to the arrangement.

Monte kept feeling so sad about Sniffles that one day, about two weeks later, Monte's mother and his older brother drove back to the farm, this time to bring Sniffles back home.

But Sniffles was nowhere around and what was more the farmer said she hadn't been for days. Monte's mother and brother looked and looked—in the fields, and in the culverts, and the grove, even going to neighbors—but still no Sniffles. And Monte still was feeling sadder and sadder. So, in another couple of weeks, Monte's mother and brother drove the thirty miles back to the farm again, but Sniffles had never returned.

Weeks went by, Monte was still lonesome for Sniffles, but no one knew where she had gone. Then, one bitter cold day last winter, nearly four months after Sniffles had been taken on her ride, a neighbor called Monte's mother on the telephone to say that some dogs had a cat up a tree and she thought it was Monte's lost pet. And sure enough, it was, but poor Sniffles was a sorry looking cat. Her feet were sore; her long fur was matted and rough. She was so tired and ice was frozen on her feet and tail.

Now all that is over—Sniffles has been home weeks. She acts very ladylike and doesn't make Monte's mother any more extra work. She is combed and plumped up with all her favorite food. She is back home for keeps, once more sleeping in her favorite big chair in the McKie livingroom, that is, when she isn't in young Monte's arms.



Good samaritans, Randolph Bordealeau (left) and Robert McArdle, both 10, view with concern the baby sparrow hawk they rescued.

## Valiant Boys

By Blanche Day

**B**ABY sparrow hawks are adventurous birds. They frequently get the idea that they can fly before their air-bearing equipment is ready. So out they clamber from the nest—take off into the wild blue yonder and land, *kerplunk*, earthbound until their wings grow stronger.

Such a bird was Elmer, who ventured from his cozy home in the Wissahickon Valley, in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park, and discovered himself grounded on a well-traveled footpath. He immediately started screaming for mama. But mother hawk was foraging for groceries and Junior was strictly on his own.

His cries attracted a gang of rough boys who began throwing things at the baby hawk. Elmer ran and ran, but the boys ran faster. Elmer was just about to gasp his last gasp when Robert McArdle and Randolph Bordealeau arrived on the scene.

"What are you doing to that poor little bird?" demanded Robert.

"I'll do the same to you!" vowed Randolph, who is very big for his ten years. The tormentors fled.

Robert and Randolph gathered up the baby hawk in towels they'd brought

along for swimming. Tenderly they carried the baby bird home. En route they named him Elmer.

It was while they were on their way home that a photographer from a local newspaper spotted the entourage and took the accompanying picture. At that point one wouldn't have given ten to one odds for the small hawk's chances of survival. Elmer looked all in.

Checking later, however, it was discovered that baby hawks are more indestructible than they appear on the surface. Elmer was not only eating heartily (bread soaked in milk and egg yolk), but had promptly adjusted himself to his environment.

"He eats right out of our hands," Robert reported excitedly.

"He's become so tame he climbs right out on our fingers," Randolph added with pride.

Elmer was no dope. He knew good foster-fathers when he saw them.

Robert and Randolph sheltered Elmer until he was old enough to fly. Then they took him back to the Wissahickon Valley and set him free.

# ANIMALS

Public Generosity  
several thousand residents of Mar-  
Vineyard and Nantucket have  
ived by now the first appeal to  
ade for the humane being  
ed on by the Martha's Vineyard  
h of the Massachusetts  
which has taken  
the Animal  
T. In addition to providing an  
ly trained veterinarian for the  
r months, who will become  
round asset of the Vineyard  
response is sufficient, the  
has also created

second prize of \$15 to Louis A.  
Puggard, Detroit, Mich., showing  
a cat with its paw in a dog's  
mouth, called "Say Ah!", and  
third prize

Small "Fry",  
statistics for the months of June  
through August show that  
exactly 300 animals were  
handled, including an injured  
bird. Of the 116 dogs, 43  
placed in homes and five  
were sheltered until placed  
their owners. The com-  
receiving

to a family. The  
of the Massachusetts Society for  
the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-  
mals, Boston, yesterday issued a  
warning animal-own-  
parents not to allow  
the family to know their ch-  
too well," stated  
the Society head, "how attached  
these animals are to their little  
masters and mistresses and it is  
but natural for a dog, and in some  
cases, a cat, to be so attached to its  
owner."

to present them  
Albert A. Poll-  
Education. Angell  
pital. M.S.P.C.A.  
motion picture.



## "TOM THUMB" HEREFORD

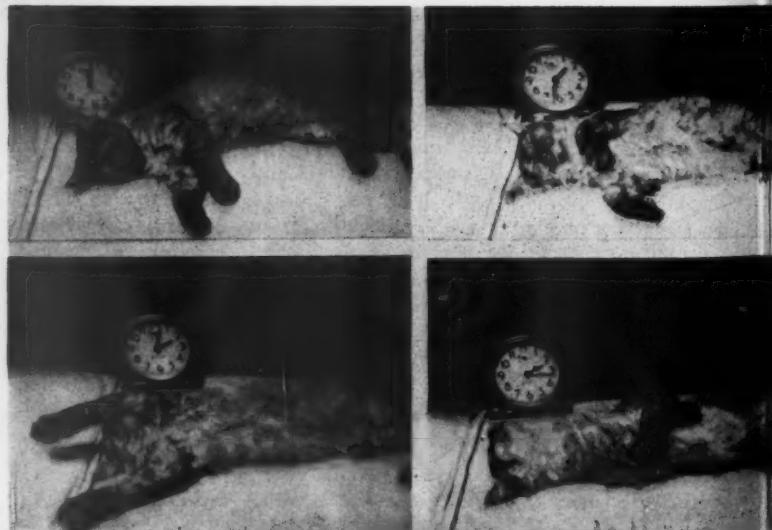
A young Hereford bull that "just didn't grow" is owned by Hugh Stewart, a live-stock dealer at Peterborough, Canada. The little fellow should be full grown, as he is about 14 months old. Instead, he weighs about 100 pounds instead of the normal weight of between 600 and 800 pounds, and he is only 28 inches high. Mr. Stewart has decided that the Hereford must get the best of care and he has been made a stable pet and called Tom Thumb. Whether or not Tom Thumb is what is known as a "dwarf" has not been definitely established. However, there is no sign of malformation and the bull is in excellent health and has a hearty appetite. His eating capacity is similar to that of other animals his age.

—Photo by Earl Lowes

## CAT IN REPOSE

People either like cats or they don't. Either way, it's undeniable that they are wonderful subjects for photography, whether showing indignation, curiosity, or just oblivious to the world at large and expressing that complete relaxation for which cats are noted. In this picture, as the hours go by, we see the changes of position in two and a quarter hours of languorous motion.

—Photos by Francis Dickie



...oy and Jolly Santa Claus  
...ent them.  
...on A. Pullard, director of  
...Angell Memorial Hos-  
...MSPCA presented the  
...picture. ...the Head  
...to animals.  
...under the di-  
...munity service  
...Mrs. Gordon E.  
...the ... was Mrs. John  
...er who was assisted by  
...derick A. Beach, Mrs. H.  
...isbe, Mrs. Malcolm Bis-  
...Albert Bradbury, Mrs.  
...Breeze, Mrs. ...  
...that these unfortunate of the fact  
left behind to forage for them-  
selves, will ultimately starve or be-  
come diseased as a result of such  
unkind and inconsiderate treat-  
ment. ...the  
...s' ...  
...men re-  
...elimina-  
...and ...  
...The Christmas pet-giving advice  
comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen,  
president of the Massachusetts So-  
ciety for the Prevention of  
Cruelty to Animals. Dr. Hansen  
has been called to our  
attention," stated Dr. Hansen.  
"According to the head of the  
department of pathology of our  
Angell Memorial Animal Hos-  
pital, this coming Christmas  
season has ...  
...for the  
...these ...  
...most ...  
...poisonous  
fatal to dogs, cats, wild birds,  
mammals, and even children.  
Furthermore, detection of these  
poisons is extremely difficult and  
impossible ...  
...the Horses Christmas, ac-  
cording to an announcement made by  
Eric H. Hansen, president of  
the Massachusetts Society for the  
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,  
with the marked increase in  
the number of automobiles today  
there are ...  
...in harness  
...has arranged  
have trucks, loaded with car-  
rots, and apples, move around  
the city Friday, Dec. 24, when  
horses are to be found in  
number. Our



**Four-month-old Patricia Ann of LaCanada, California, is a 90 pound pampered pet pig owned by Mrs. Gerry Mentz. Four months prior to this picture, Patricia Ann was just a barnyard statistic, but now she is living in the lap of luxury, fawned on by her mistress, the neighborhood children and all those of the LaCanada population who have been exposed to her charms. Does she dine on conventional pig fodder? No, sir! Her staple diet is grade A milk, pabulum, peanuts and barley with sweets for dessert. The pet porker loves to ride in the car and accompanies her mistress on shopping trips.**

A black and white photograph of a fireplace. The fireplace has a brick surround and a dark, possibly stone or brick, hearth. A patterned rug is laid out in front of the fireplace. The image is dark and grainy, with a vertical line visible on the left side.

Housebroken, Patricia Ann has the run of the beautiful home situated on a sprawling woodland estate owned by Mrs. Mentz. Patricia is no pig in the poke as Mrs. Mentz was invited by a rancher friend to pick a baby pig as a pet simply because her dog had passed on and she wanted to test out the theory that pigs are smarter than dogs. Here Patricia Ann is shown taking a snooze in front of the parlor fireplace. Her fame, like her waistline, is spreading rapidly.

—Wide World Photo



# More about Tang

—and others

By Zelma Goslee Locke



Tang looks pleased but modest as Captain McCarthy puts the award around his neck. Mrs. Maurice L. Dyer and her children Mark and Paula, owners of the dog, watch the ceremony with pride.

Some of our readers may remember the picture of Tang with a group of children from Texas in the October 1954 issue of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*. This article tells more about him and about other heroic dogs which have been honored.

**T**ANG, 65-pound collie from Denison, Texas, was presented with honors recently because of his bravery. On four different occasions he risked his own life, leaping into the path of speeding automobiles and pushing small children to the curb, pinning them there until the cars had passed.

The four children saved by Tang under almost identical circumstances include: Mark Dyer, 5; Mark Keeton, 4; Jimmy Cherry 2; and Paula Dyer, 3. Mark Dyer and Mark Keeton, at that time 2 years old and 18 months old, respectively, were saved by Tang in Anchorage, Alaska, where Air Force Captain Maurice L. Dyer, of Denison, and owner of Tang, was stationed for two years.

Jimmy Cherry and Paula Dyer were saved during the past nine months in Denison. In each case Tang pushed the children out of the road and pinned them to the curbs as the cars rolled by at a high rate of speed.

The story of how Tang came to the Dyers, who are now stationed at Perrin Air Base near Denison, is a heart-warming one. Their own beloved Smoky, a trim collie, was lost in an accident. A friend, who sympathized with their grief over the loss of their pet, offered them Tang.

Victim of mistreatment and a sorry-looking sight, the puppy was suspicious of every kindly word and action. But with the Dyers' affection his natural collie friendliness returned swiftly. Captain Dyer says that no training was ever given Tang in the protection of youngsters and attributes the dog's remarkable record to his collie ancestry.

"America's Dog Hero of Heroes for 1954" earned for himself and his owners the first annual Ken-L-Ration award—\$1,000 in U. S. Savings Bonds, a gold medal, a gold plaque, a gold-plated leash and collar, and what is likely closer to any dog's heart, a year's supply of dog food.

The gold medal was presented to Tang by a winner of the Medal of Honor from World War II, Fire Captain Joseph J. McCarthy, Chicago, a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve. The rest of the awards were made by Frank R. Wharton, vice-president in charge of the Ken-L-Ration Products Division of the Quaker Oats Company.

Second prize went to Taffy, a Tucson, Arizona, cocker spaniel, who led his 5-year-old master away from dangerous cliff edges when he was lost overnight in rugged, mountainous country.

The third, a posthumous award, went to Buppy, an Iowa City, Iowa, collie-shepherd, who saved her 2-year-old mistress by pushing her from in front of an automobile. Buppy later lost her life in a hunting accident.

The fourth winner was Jeff, a pointer pup of Greenville, Mississippi, who saved his mother's life by bringing her food while she was caught in a trap for two weeks.

Fifth prize went to Corky, a collie-shepherd of Palmyra, Illinois, who shielded his 3-year-old master by lying across his body to protect him from the cold when he was lost in a pelting rain-storm in a forest.

## Nosey Comes to Dine

By Fern Berry

**O**NE day Mrs. Stanley Milewski of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who had been very ill, awakened to see a squirrel on her bedroom window sill. She offered the animal some peanuts which he quickly accepted. After that he would scratch on the door to get inside. One day the lady came from her bedroom into the living room and there was the squirrel looking for food. She named him Nosey. He had come through the living room door which happened to be open. Now, on warm days the door is left open and Nosey comes and goes. He sometimes tries to bury a nut behind the pillow on the sofa.

No effort is made to capture Nosey and he is allowed to come and go as he wishes. He likes cookies as well as nuts and he always finds a meal waiting for him. He is very tame and does not resent visitors or other members of the family.

## "Chat Noir"

By Estelle A. Brooks

*Little Marianne, who lives next door  
Calls her pussy cat—  
"My big Chat Noir!"*

*I wonder where she found that name,  
It really puzzles me—  
He's just a shiny black cat,  
As far as I can see.*



—E. A. Brooks



*Race worked out his plans in the summer, when detection was harder.*

# The Case of the Clever Newfoundland

*By Gladys Chase Gilmore*

**N**EWFOUNDLANDS are particularly intelligent dogs. They know enough to jump overboard on their own initiative to save a drowning man. There are many incidents that could be related to prove their intelligence as well as their gentleness in guarding children. Here, for example, is one story about Race, a huge shaggy black Newfoundland who was crafty as well as wise and gentle.

Race was one of the dogs in Little Bear Kennels, Norwalk, Connecticut, owned by Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Chern. Many of their dogs are show dogs. Race, however, was more of a pet and spent much time in the home. When anyone went swimming, it was Race that escorted him. He would worry about anyone who swam into deep water, and he would circle around trying to push the swimmer toward the shore. Sometimes, just to give him practice, his mistress would say, "All right, Race, save me," and she would flounder a little. He was instantly at her side and, grabbing her gently, he would swim her to shore, his great forepaws and webbed feet working fast.

When he was a puppy, he was kept shut up in the pen. One morning when the family were at breakfast, Race appeared on the porch scratching at the glass door to be let in. "How on earth did he get out of the pen?" Mr. Chern

asked. "Did we leave the gate unlatched?" "No. I tried it to be sure it was shut tight," Mrs. Chern said, getting up to open the door. Race was, of course, delighted and came bounding in. The next morning the same thing happened at about the same time. When they went out to investigate, they found, as before, that the gate was still shut tight and barred.

It was a complete mystery how he got out, since the wire fence was too high for him to jump. The Cherns couldn't figure it out. They talked to him about it and he gave no sign, just wagged his tail and looked innocent. "He must jump clear of the fence," a neighbor suggested, but he was too young to jump that high. A careful examination of the top showed no sign of an attesting black hair. If not over the fence, then how did he get out? He continued to appear on the porch time and time again even though he had been shut in the pen with its six-foot-high link chain fence. The rascal would never let anyone see him getting out. If not over the fence, then how about under? No, there was no tell-tale dirt on his tummy to bear witness, although being a fastidious gentleman, Race could have removed that evidence. They did notice that sometimes his waistcoat was wet.

There is a tiny brook that runs through one end of the pen and provides a splashing pool for the water-loving Newfound-

lands. Where it enters and where it leaves the pen were the first places examined as possibilities. The brook enters by a submerged clay pipe, too small for such a big dog to squeeze through. Where it flows out, the opening was blocked with criss-cross sticks. A few days after Christmas the sticks were removed and a big Christmas tree stuffed into the opening. Needless to say, the Christmas tree barricade was carefully examined as a possible exit for Race, but it was always firmly in place, filling the gap. Still the mystery persisted, no matter how the Cherns watched. Race would always appear wagging his tail, asking to be let in and petted. A padlock was put on the gate to make it more secure and it seemed that not even a Houdini could get out of that pen.

Then one night the earth was blanketed with clean, white snow. The dogs loved it, rolling in it, eating it, and frisking about together. Race stayed in the pen enjoying it, but later in the day he appeared as usual on the porch. This time when Mr. Chern went out he found the gate locked and the Christmas tree in place. But tell-tale prints in the snow showed where Race had pushed the tree away and then wedged it back in place again to conceal his escape. Here at last was the solution of the mystery and it most certainly showed unusual intelligence in this beautiful big black Newfoundland.

# "Kid", the Mind Reader

# Society and



Here Mr. Gatchel asks Kid to show him a woman wearing a red dress in the circle of about twenty people gathered about them. Kid seems to regard it all as a wonderful game.

**K**ID, of course, is not actually a mind reader, but you would almost think he had those powers if you were to see him with his master. Kid, as you might guess, is a dog—but what a dog!

He was first brought to our attention

by John C. Macfarlane, Director of our Livestock Conservation Department, who met Kid and Mr. Horace S. Gatchel, the travelling hermit of Pittsfield, Maine, who is his master, while attending a fair at Fryeburg, Maine. Mr. Macfarlane immediately invited the pair to be his guests on his weekly telecast, "Animal Fair."

To quote Mr. Macfarlane, "In all my years in humane work, I have never seen such a demonstration of canine intelligence—and I do mean *intelligence*."

When Mr. Gatchel arrived in Boston, Mr. Macfarlane brought him and Kid over to our Society's headquarters where Kid was put through his paces before a group which has had a wide and intimate acquaintance with dogs. Everyone agreed Kid's performance was almost unbelievable.

For instance, just by talking to Kid in a normal tone of voice, Mr. Gatchel asked him to put his paws on someone wearing a certain colored suit, or dress, or hat, and Kid would unhesitatingly select the right person. Then his master would ask Kid to do three or four things in a single conversation and Kid would do exactly as he was asked and in the proper sequence.

Mr. Gatchel demonstrated more forcefully than anyone we've ever seen the

value of love and kindness and how an intelligent dog can be made to respond to softly spoken words. Mr. Gatchel asserts that a trained dog does not necessarily have intelligence, but a dog who is talked to regularly soon learns to use reason in carrying out requests.



Kid has just been asked by Mr. Gatchel, "Show me the man we first talked to here. You remember, he told us about Denmark." Without hesitation, Kid picked out our President, Dr. Hansen (extreme left).

## Our Doctors' Doings

**V**ARIOUS members of the Angell Memorial's veterinary staff took part in the 20th Annual Meeting of the New England Veterinary Medical Association, last October, held at the New Ocean House in Swampscott. Our Chief of Staff, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, as retiring President, presided. Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, our Director of Surgery, was quite busy as Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, a post which he continues to fill.

On the first day of the two-day meeting, Dr. Todd O. Munson, Angell staff member and chairman of the Association's program committee, together with Dr. David L. Coffin, Angell pathologist, conducted a clinico-pathological conference, discussing the use of clinical pathology and other clinical methods in diagnosis. On the following morning, Dr. Jean Holzworth, Angell staff member, presented a paper titled "The Diagnosis of Respiratory Disorders in Cats."

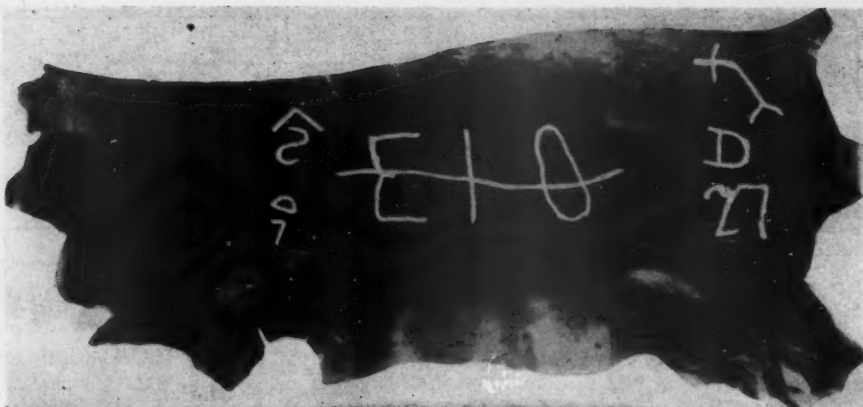


So Kid promptly indicates the woman wearing a red dress by jumping up on her.



# Service News

Branding is just one of the many unnecessary tortures to which our livestock are subjected. This picture shows a hide ruined by stamp and running-iron brands, such as are used on most of our nation's beef animals coming from the Southwest. It is a wasteful and cruel practice.



## The Eleventh Commandment

By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation

WHATEVER a man's religion may be, he usually forgets it completely when he works with livestock, which are, after all, God's creatures. This forgetfulness may be the one big reason for our staggering meat and hide losses. We can build twice as many agricultural colleges and turn out graduate students the way we turn out flour in a grist mill, but until the time comes when we have the antidote for human carelessness, we will only multiply our livestock agricultural losses.

I hesitate to inject a religious thought into an industry that seems to have been built upon man's supremacy over animals, yet I feel that the *only* remedy that will work lies in an appeal to man's soul or his better self.

Once, many years ago, groups were formed for the purpose of stopping man's brutality with animals through the use of anti-cruelty legislation. New laws were written, making unjustifiable cruelty to animals a crime punishable by the state. Even federal laws were written which were intended to protect members of the animal kingdom. However, most of these laws were, and still are, enforced only sporadically and with very little of the effect originally intended, *except where vigorous animal protection societies exist.*

Years later, with the laws' penalties reserved for a last resort, the attempt to lessen cruelty was based upon a different course of action, one of cooperation, understanding, and education. This form of action reduced man's carelessness with animals in many sections of our nation, but losses in the livestock industry still continued to mount until in

1953 they were estimated to be nearly \$3 billion!

I still believe that cooperation and education are important aids, but have we ignored the most potent force of all, religion?

Of course, to many who have worked with livestock over the years, it would seem that no two forces are more widely separated than the church and the livestock industry. For instance, a farmer may be a devout churchman and a powerful and respected influence in his community, yet when he deals with his animals, he often forgets his better self and becomes less of a thinking being than the animal with which he is associating. This is particularly noticeable in his crude attempts to subjugate his animals when he prepares to ship them to market. Lack of patience and the emphasis on speed produce such staggering losses from "deads," "cripples," and bruised animals that we are known to be the most wasteful nation on earth.

These cruelties are not accidental, but deliberate acts of fury. What else would cause a man to drive a pitchfork into the flesh of an animal, or deliberately knock a young calf to its knees with a heavy cane when the animal tries to pass him in a pen or alley? Why else would a civilized man pick up a club, a chain, or a pipe and unmercifully beat an animal because the frightened animal doesn't move as fast as the man thinks he should?

These cruelties are not hearsay, because I have witnessed them and thousands more, too ugly to describe. I have seen men brutally kick a cow that was about to bear her calf. And I knew of one New England boy who delighted in

kicking newborn calves from one pen to another. These are not isolated cases, either.

Although the greatest amount of cruelty to animals occurs in the livestock industry, cruelty is not restricted to this field. Take, for example, the angry man who picks up his dog by the scruff of the neck and throws the animal at another person, or the man who almost succeeded in taking his dog's head off with a dull hatchet because the dog's welcoming bark gave away the hour he came home from a card game, or the man who deliberately shoved the head of a stray cat into a salmon can and derived great joy from watching the poor animal literally beat itself to death in frantic efforts to get free.

Cruelty, whether careless or deliberate, is a deformity of the soul. It will continue to drain our resources, profits, and undermine our human dignity if we don't *fight* to eliminate it. We believe a work-day religion, involving a wholesome fear of God and His wrath if we treat His creatures unjustly, will prove the most effective means yet to combat cruelty.

Faith without works, however, is dead, and to put our program into action with any hope of success requires the income for a period of several years from an established fund of \$750,000. Please give what you can, and thereby take part in this great humane "crusade." Send your check to Livestock Conservation, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., *today*; we can't wait to get started.

Let there be an eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt work with animals only when thou canst control thy temper and keep thy hands gentle."

# CHILDREN'S



—Artist, Gedge Harmon

**Recipe for Old-Fashioned Winter Frolic** — To some warmly-dressed children, add one or more frisky dogs (according to taste). Shake together and pour onto a large sled, whose runners are well-greased. Cover ingredients liberally with snow and set out in bright sunshine. Remove when children are rosy-cheeked and sun is beginning to fade. Recipe should serve all concerned with health and happiness.

## Heigho-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean ANIMAL FAIR, of course, our Tuesday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6:15 - 6:30 P.M. every Tuesday. Won't YOU be there?

## Old Dog

By Fred Cornelius

THE old dog had a name at one time, but now, since he had become so old, he had lost it. He was known just as Old-Dog. He was crippled and almost blind. He spent most of his time sleeping under the big cottonwood tree near his home on the Rio Grande.

The family to whom he belonged gave him food and tried to keep the old fellow happy. They could not bear to have the dog put to sleep, as some of the neighbors suggested. They still loved him and felt sure the dog was happy with them.

Then one day Old-Dog must have had a bad dream. He got up and stumbled into the river, and he was too old to swim.

His twelve-year-old master came around the house just in time to see what had happened. Chico lost no time in diving into the river to save his pet. It was hard to bring the heavy dog to shore, but the boy accomplished it.

"Why did you risk your life to rescue a mangy old dog like that?" asked a man who came upon the scene.

"Because this old dog pulled me out of this same river ten years ago. I was only two then, and could not swim. But Old-Dog, he could swim very good, Senor, and he saved me. Today, I pay him back," answered Chico proudly, as he wrapped Old-Dog in a blanket to keep him warm.

## My Pug Puppy

By Michele Macartney (8)

I HAVE a little pug dog named Sancho. He is five months old. He can do a few tricks. He can sit up and shake hands, too. But he is lazy sometimes, too. We like to play together. Sometimes he sleeps with my mother. She doesn't want him, but he still sleeps with her. I want him to sleep with me, but he won't.

## Can He Read?

By Alison L. Kern (12)

BROWN Lightning" was brought to me by my brother, Edward, and our neighbor, Dickie. Dickie's dog Rusty had stepped on a rabbit's nest. All the little rabbits scrambled away but one which Rusty caught and held in his mouth. Edward and Dickie managed to hold Rusty and take the bunny out of his mouth.

At first, when they brought the bunny home, I thought he was a mouse; he was so small. He could fit in your hand. We found a box and filled it with leaves, but that was too big, so we put him in a mouse's cage. At first we fed him warm milk through a medicine-dropper and then Pablum. Soon he was eating strained baby food, rice and barley and carrots and beets.

We kept him three weeks. By that time he was eating lettuce and raw carrots and grass. Part of the time we kept him in a spare bathtub lined with newspaper. When he learned to jump out of the tub we thought it was time to let him go. We called him "Brown Lightning" because he jumped and ran so fast.

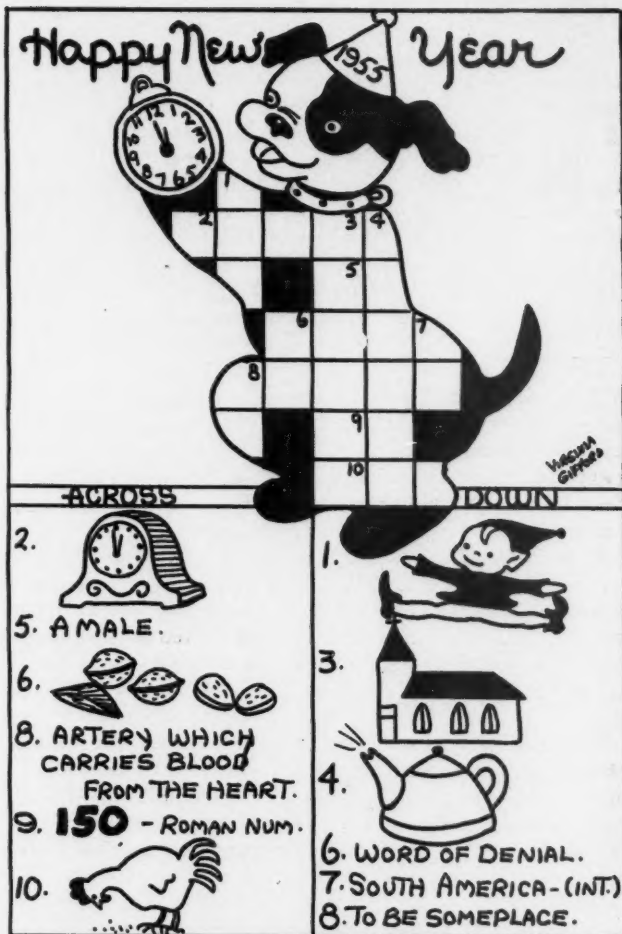
One warm day we let him go in the woods behind our house. We never saw him again. Just before we let him go, we took his picture in the tub. I hope you will put this story and picture in your magazine.



"Please forward my magazine to my new address, Green Forest."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# PAGES



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLE: Across—1. horn, 3. plant, 5. log, 6. yr., 7. ti, 9. hat. Down—1. holly, 2. ring, 4. aorta, 8. its, 9. ho.

## Good for You, Dick!

By Richard Hautenan (12)

ONCE I knew somebody that had a dog and mistreated him. I was walking by his house and saw him kick the dog out of the house. If I had had the nerve, I would have gone to the police station and reported him. But I didn't. When the dog came close to me, he had bruises all over him. When the man came to the door I said to him, "If you don't treat your dog better, I'll tell the police about you." So he said all right.

January 1955

## A Game of Their Own

By Meredith D. Reeves (11)

IN your magazine I have read stories about animals that children send in. I would like to send in this true story of my own. I hope you will like this story and put it in your magazine. I hope also if you do the children (or adults) will enjoy it as much as I enjoy theirs.

My aunt had a black cat called "Tuffy" and a German shepherd dog named "Heidi." Tuffy and Heidi were friendly and would play together. One game they played was tag. Heidi would chase Tuffy around the house. When Heidi caught Tuffy, she would pick her up by the head and carry her back to where they started. Then they would do it again.

After a while, Tuffy would get mad and hiss at Heidi. Then Tuffy would run off and they would do it some more.

## Cat Plays Catch

By Bettina Ferry (11)

I HAVE a cat. It is all black except for one white spot. She has a bell around her neck to keep her from catching birds. She sits up on her hind legs for two minutes at a time and if I throw a ball she chases after it and brings it back to me (sometimes). She is just a year old. I am enjoying OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine very much.

**MEET BOBBY AND "COCOA"** — There's an interesting story connected with these two; Bobby is the infant son of one of the Massachusetts SPCA's ambulance drivers, Carl Bragner of Newton Centre. Carl was the driver who brought "Cocoa" into the Angell Memorial as a two-months-old puppy which was being given up. On the drive into the Hospital, Carl was so taken with the puppy that as soon as the compulsory waiting period was over, he eagerly adopted the young collie mongrel. Now Carl brags about the cleverness of Cocoa, how she'll do anything you tell her to, and how fond she is of his young son. That, we think, is obvious, in this picture.





Introducing a new feature which many of you have requested—

# Yours for the Asking

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** This is the first article of an experimental feature, which we plan to run for a few months or longer, depending on reader interest. YOU are invited to submit your questions on care and feeding, or training of your pets; address them to Tom Ryan, Reporter, c/o OUR DUMB ANIMALS, and he will answer a few each time as completely as possible. All letters must give the writer's name and address, but we shall not use your name if you indicate that you would prefer that we did not. All medical advice or suggestions will be based on the experience and knowledge of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital Staff.

## Do Your Neighbors Like Your Dog?

By Tom J. Ryan, Staff Reporter

**Y**OUR dog is the best dog on the street. He's friendly, well-trained, and quiet. You really have a prize. But the neighbors' dogs—well, somebody should complain about them. Why can't they be nice and well-behaved like your dog?

Then comes the knock on the door, and you stand face to face with an irate neighbor, who points to the hole in his trousers and threatens court action unless you restrain the jungle beast you own.

With a few more complaints you realize that the neighbors don't like your dog too much. The laws governing dogs are strict and unless you do something soon, you might lose your pet.

First of all, why does he do these annoying things? Why does he bury his bones on the front lawn next door? Why does he chase Mr. Smith up the street? Why did he snap at Mrs. O'Brien's little girl and bite her puppy? Why does he bark continuously when he is left alone, as the neighbors say he does?

Dogs bark primarily because they are dogs. If your dog is locked in the house all day with no one around, he barks because he is lonely or hungry. If you don't exercise your dog properly, he has to burn up his energy in tearing about the house, or yowling from sheer boredom. Being indoors virtually all week long and only let out on Saturdays would make YOU boisterous when you were freed, too.

The chief problem for dog-owners is proper training, and the most important aspect of training is obedience. Once the dog learns to obey, you should have no trouble with him. Dogs usually come eventually when their masters call, but it helps encourage promptness if you make your dog feel that you are very happy to see him. Pat him, play with

him, reward him in some way when he comes promptly. Perhaps sometimes you can have a tidbit for him, but you don't want to get him in the habit of expecting food every time you whistle. If your dog doesn't answer your call, be stern with him. Go to him and spank him with a folded (not rolled) newspaper.

Remember, however, that incorrect and cruel punishment of your dog makes him mean-tempered and vicious.

Of course, even the best-trained dogs will misbehave sometimes and must be punished. Don't punish your dog for something he did two or three hours ago; you must catch him in the act. The best method of punishment is to hit him on the rump with a folded newspaper, as we have said. The rattling of the paper and the loud pop it makes, plus your obvious displeasure, combine to shame your dog and ensure his never repeating the misdeed. Never hit your dog on the nose, even with paper, for you might cut his nose or eyes. Never use a switch or stick; the paper does the job without hurting him.

Is your dog apt to snarl if he is disturbed while eating? No one likes to be annoyed then, but you can train him not to be vicious if someone does bother him. When you feed him the next time, stay near him, pat him or brush him, anything to let him know he shouldn't be afraid of, or angry at people while he is eating. Through this training the dog knows that he shouldn't snarl or snap at children who may decide to see what "doggy" is eating.

No domestic animal needs more exercise than a dog. How much depends on the dog, but certainly he should be walked at least twice a day if he is kept indoors all the time. If you let your dog alone, he must be trained not to fight with other dogs, annoy children, or chase

cars up the street, or these bad habits may cost your dog his freedom.

Some dogs are quiet enough in the neighborhood, but the minute a car comes down the street they have to chase it, while barking their heads off. Does yours? There is a simple remedy for this: ask two friends, strangers to the dog, to drive in a strange car along your street. When the dog gives chase, ask them to slow down and have one friend soak your dog with cold water from a bucket or a water pistol. This may have to be repeated once or twice, but it generally scares a dog so much that he will keep at a respectful distance from moving cars thereafter and not attempt to chase them.

As a dog-owner, naturally, your pet's health is of prime importance to you. For tips on proper feeding and care of minor injuries, you can pick up, or write for inexpensive pamphlets printed by the Massachusetts SPCA. And when you buy a puppy, be sure that he has had and continues to get the necessary injections for distemper, hepatitis and rabies.

Whether you buy a puppy or an older dog, the wisest course is to have him thoroughly examined by a veterinarian. Did you know that most reputable kennels and pet shops will allow you to do this before you conclude the sale? It's just plain good business for them to make sure you are satisfied that you are getting a healthy animal. After the dog becomes yours, it's up to you, of course, to maintain his good health.

Remember, however smart your dog seems, he is a "dumb animal" and must rely on you to safeguard his well-being—and that includes good training to prevent his developing dangerous habits or just plain bad manners. Be worthy of his faith in you.

# Let's Start the New Year Right

**W**E SUGGEST learning the right way to care for that Christmas puppy, kitten or bird. In fact, any time you get a new pet (no matter what kind) is the time to write your friends in the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., or telephone: LONGwood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference.

And when we say inexpensive, we *mean* inexpensive. All of these guides to better living for you and your pet are priced from 2-10c apiece! Price lists of available leaflets will be supplied upon request.

For those of you who have owned many animals and know all the answers, it wouldn't hurt to check your ideas against recent findings of our staff of world-famous veterinarians at Angell Memorial, would it? Write A.H.E.S. today.

## Twice the Protection

**L**OST dogs are a problem we've been trying to solve for years. First we developed the Dog Identification Kit (now on sale for 50c each) to help owners describe their pets to searchers, and the Kit is a valuable safeguard—as far as it goes.

However, our newly established **DOG IDENTITY BUREAU** and the numbered tags we sell for 50c enlarge this protection by helping the *finder* of a dog locate the *owner*. Easily attached to your dog's collar by an S-shaped hook, these brass tags have "Call or write the Mass. SPCA" on them, with our address, phone number, and another number, permanently assigned to your dog. This is listed in the Bureau files with *your* name, address, and phone number, making the identification of stray dogs simple and sure. If your dog should lose his tag, we'll furnish a duplicate for only 25c.

Order your Dog Identity Tag today—and your Identification Kit, too, if you don't have one. Send just *fifty cents* (check or money order) for each Kit or Tag you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

**P. S.** Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

## Don't Miss Out

By January 31, our spanking new 1954 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

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Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
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Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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*Here is your resolution:*

**RESOLVED:** That in this year of 1955, I will send subscriptions to five more libraries, schools or families than I did last year.

See how easy it is, and yet, you will be giving entertainment and sound education to many, many people. You will be one with us in endeavoring to build character and increase kindness to animals.

To paraphrase Winston Churchill's famous words, "Never did so little mean so much to so many."

As you know, the subscription price of *Our Dumb Animals* is now \$1.50 a year, but we are making a special offer to those sending in five or more subscriptions at the same time — a very much reduced rate of \$1.00 a subscription.

Won't you make up your mind now to carry out this resolution. Just fill in the blank, add additional names and send with your check to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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**This certifies that you are one of those extraordinary persons who keeps his New Year's resolutions.**

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

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